

Nanzetta's Prescription.

Try a bottle of Nanzetta's Prescription for impure blood, kidney, liver and stomach. It has pleased hundreds and thousands, why shouldn't it please you. Doctors and druggists claim it can not be improved upon, for what it is recommended.

Sold and guaranteed by all leading drug stores and the Nanzetta Medicine Company, 114 Coffee St., Greenville, S. C. Phone 1316.

KEYS TAKEN BACK TO GEORGIA YESTERDAY

SHERIFF ASHLEY ESCORTS MAN CHARGED WITH ELOPING WITH WOMAN

DENIES CHARGES

Alleged That Keys Eloquent With His Step Mother-in-Law of Years.

Sheriff Joe Ashley left yesterday morning for Hartwell, Georgia, for the purpose of delivering to the Sheriff Sid Johnson of Hart county a white man by the name of Will Keys, who was arrested at the Anderson Cotton Mills Tuesday night at the request of the Georgia officer. Sheriff Johnson was to have come to Anderson for the prisoner but for some reason not known at the present Sheriff Ashley took Keys to the Georgia sheriff. The technical charges against the white man are not known, but it is understood that the accusations against him have something to do with the alleged elopement with the second wife of his father-in-law, who might be termed a step mother-in-law. Keys is also charged with making threats upon the lives of several white women and men who are said to have taken some part in the family disturbance.

Keys was arrested here by Private Clapp of the city police department. The officer was told that Keys was in the mill village and he immediately telephoned to police headquarters or with the county authorities but when the sheriff of Hart county was notified that the man Keys was here he requested that he be placed under arrest.

The story which Keys related of his family troubles is a long one and consists of much detail. His father-in-law, Bub Brown, it appears, had married the second time, his last spouse being a 17 years old girl. She seems not to have relished the marriage, for she did not spend much of her time with her husband. When the Brown fireside became a place of too much turbulence, it is said, the young Mrs. Brown would flee to the home of Will Keys, where she would abide. Relatives of Brown, who seemed to approve of the match, took a hand in the matter and tried to straighten matters out. It seems that their wrath was kindled toward Keys because he harbored the young wife.

Matters jogged along in this fashion for some time, and came to an abrupt ending when a crowd of women and men went to the field where Keys was working to give him a thrashing. This is when Keys asserted his manhood, it is said, and seized an armful of rocks with which he stood off the would-be assailants. Things got so hot in that locality, Keys said, he decided to beat it for South Carolina. He denied that he had attempted to elope with Mrs. Brown, stating that he had a wife of his own and six children.

AND WHERE IS TIPPERARY?

British War Song Sung With Considerable Swing.

It's a long way to Tipperary. You have seen the expression many a time since the European war began, but perhaps you do not know just what it means. Where is Tipperary, anyway? A recent issue of the Literary Digest gave interesting facts about the Scotch, informing us that the place is in Ireland. A few quotations from the publication named will be interesting: "Everybody knows that when the British soldier sings of Tipperary, the last place he thinks of is some place so named in Ireland. He is thinking of home. What is there in Tipperary that gets the song going? It is not the reflection of national character? Is it not just the gaiety which takes the fighting as the day's work? and which looks beyond the day's work to the reward? A writer in the New York Sun says: 'It has all the requisites of an immortal war song—a free and swinging till, a touch of humor, of sentiment and a dash of rough and ready patriotism.' There is something peculiarly appropriate about the tune. The French have had it translated and are singing it as they go to battle. Scotch Highlanders, who probably never heard of Ireland's Tipperary, are playing it on their bagpipes. Canadian reservists, long gone for the western forests, are humming it. And native Bengalese are crooning the little song through their very white teeth as they shiver through the chilly nights and wipe their bayonets dry."

The words to the song the allies are singing are as follows: It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary. Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day. As the streets are paved with gold sure of Lyons was gay.

Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square, Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:— Chorus. It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go; It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know! Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester Square. It's a long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there—

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O', Saying, "Should you not receive it, Write and let me know! If I make mistakes in 'spelling', Molly dear," said he, "Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O', Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame. For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the same!" Written and composed by Jack Judge and Harry Williams.

oooooooooooooooooooo
MISTUH BLEASE.
oooooooooooooooooooo

It was in a South Carolina barber shop that the second niece came unexpectedly upon me. I had looked for a certain quaint philosophy and humor among the negroes of the South, and must confess to considerable disappointment in not finding much of it. The picturesque article in the African line that has so delighted us in the fiction of our masters of the pen from the South seems either to have vanished completely from the face of the earth or to be a trifle shy in the revelation of itself to outsiders. At any rate I found little of it in my wanderings in that territory; although a somewhat disagreeable amount of self-conscious quaintness, "for revenue only," was not wanting among the negroes encountered.

But this white barber, an amiable little man, whose lazy drawl and languid manner bespoke anything but independence of spirit, and in whose presence I instinctively thought of the term "white trash," gave me in full measure what I had looked for in the sons of Ham. After sitting in his chair for a few minutes I mentioned casually that South Carolina had a fine governor, referring to an individual named Blease, who at that time, and I believe does still, occupied the high seat at Columbia, and of whose grotesque talents I had yet to find a South Carolinian of standing who was proud.

"I ain't got no use fo' Mistuh Blease, suh," the man replied, stroking his razor up and down the strip with a vigor entirely out of keeping with his presumed character. If I had been a blind man, I should have felt sure he was a negro, such was his accent.

"I am sorry to hear that," said I. "It would be pleasant to find somebody in the State who has some use for him; but so far it all seems to be the other way."

"No, suh, I ain't got no use fo' him, suh," continued the barber. "I don't like him, suh. I have shaved Mistuh Blease many a time, ruh, an' when he was rannin' fo' governor he came in hyere most every day, suh. One mornin' I says to him, 'Mistuh Blease, says I, 'you'd ought to be a governor of South Carolina, suh, an' sure to git it. That's an honah, suh,' I says, 'fo' you and yo' children and yo' children's children to be proud of.' And what do you suppose he answered, suh? 'To blanch with the honah!' says he. 'What the blank do yo' suppose I calah fo' the honah?'"

"And I've nudder give him the honah, suh; no, suh. Mis-tuh Blease got elected, and I've shaved him 20 times since, suh; but he's nudder had the honah from me, suh. I've nudder called him governor yit, suh; but it's been Mistuh Blease every time, suh!" (Another installment of Mr. Bangs' reminiscences will appear in an early issue.)—From the Associated Sunday Magazine.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of J. I. Salts from any good pharmacist; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders. J. I. Salts can not injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney diseases.

MORE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR POOR RECEIVED

A TOTAL OF \$29.85 FOR "BELGIANS IN ANDERSON" NOW IN HAND

MUCH INTEREST

Many People Have Visited Homes Where There is Acute Suffering.

There was a continuation yesterday of contributions to the fund for the "Belgians in Anderson," a total of \$7.75 in cash having been turned into this office. This makes \$29.85 which has been received from the good people of Anderson since it was announced through The Intelligencer that there were white families in the city and country who were in distress and in need of immediate help.

Out of the money turned in to The Intelligencer fund was purchased yesterday and sent to two families who were without anything of this kind. Groceries were purchased also and sent to two other families. There were numerous telephone inquiries and inquiries at The Intelligencer office concerning the families in question, showing that the general public has become aroused to the need for a little missionary work here at home.

The Intelligencer yesterday called for a committee of ladies or gentlemen or a committee consisting of both ladies and gentlemen to take charge of the money turned in to this office for the relief of these poor families and see that it was distributed where most needed. Several ladies volunteered to assist in the work after Christmas. In the meantime, The Intelligencer will endeavor to look after the welfare of the several families and see that they do not want for any of the necessities of life.

Contributions received yesterday for the fund were as follows:

Cash	\$ 1.00
Cash	1.00
Cash25
Mrs. L. A. Sharpe50
Mrs. C. E. Cobb50
N. B. Sharpe50
Cash50
Cash	1.00
Jas. L. Aull	1.00
Miss Margaret Evans50
Mrs. Geo. W. Evans	1.00
Total	\$ 7.75
Previously acknowledged	22.10
Grand total	\$29.85

The Reason.

Mr. Harold Begbie quotes in "The Happy Irish," an amusing story that he got from the doctor of a little town that he visited in the course of his tour of Ireland:

I was rung up pretty late one night by a peasant from an outlying village, 15 miles away. It was in the days before I had a car. The wind was blowing horribly, the rain was sweeping against the house, and it was deadly cold. The peasant asked me rather shamefacedly if I would come and see his mother. I invited him to come in. "Patrick," I said to him, "your mother is a very old woman." "She's over 80, Patrick." "She's all that, doctor." "And nothing that I could do to-night would be of the smallest use to her." "Sure, doctor," he said. "I know very well it's the truth you are telling me; but me poor mother, do you see, would have me come and fetch you because she does not want to die a natural death."

Not Exactly Satisfied.

A party of women from a local church gathered for a thimble party one day recently at the home of one of the members, says the Hartford Courant. The ladies were intimate friends and it was the day, the excitement of the war or some other circumstance, perhaps just feminine nature, caused them to indulge rather freely in neighborhood talk, commonly called "gossip."

The little daughter of the hostess slipped in unnoticed and sat listening. Absent friends were mentioned in critical remarks and even some of the guests who took their departure were discussed.

As the talk went on little Elizabeth edged up to her mother and said in a stage whisper:

"Oh, dear! Nobody seems just exactly satisfied with anybody, does they, mamma?"

The Demonstration on the Border. There are plenty of Americans who have contended for years that the United States should promptly "slap some sense" into Mexico—that Mexicans should be spanked into proper respect for the Stars and Stripes and things American. This did not mean war on Mexico. It meant that a sitch in time would save nine.

These Americans were glad of the Vera Cruz occupation, even if it did not result in the salute. They were glad at the border patrol. They were glad at the order, the other day, to "shoot back."

But all of them do not understand the sending of an American diplomat general to the Mexicans for the purpose of using his good offices to induce them not to shoot down Americans on American soil. Especially after American guns have been pointed for "shooting back" purposes.

These Americans believe the ambassador of peace might better have preceded than have followed the mounting of the "shoot-back" guns.—Augusta Chronicle.

JOHN McDONALD WAS IN ANDERSON YESTERDAY

WAS WOUNDED IN FIGHTING BETWEEN RACES AT FAIR PLAY

NOT TALKATIVE

Details of Affair on Georgia-Carolina State Line Are Hard to Obtain.

John McDonald, a prominent young farmer of the Fair Play section of Oconee county, who received a gunshot wound in the right eye during a battle between white men and negroes in that section last Sunday, was in the city yesterday morning for the purpose of consulting a specialist with reference to the injured organ. Mr. McDonald stated that the specialist was unable to say at this time whether the sight of the eye would be destroyed, but that he was inclined to believe the wound would heal alright in time.

Upon being interviewed by The Intelligencer with reference to the trouble at Fair Play, Mr. McDonald was reticent in speaking of the matter. When asked the question how many negroes were killed in the rioting, he stated that he only knew of two who were dead. These were Green Gibson and his son, George Gibson. Mr. McDonald stated that two other negroes were missing, but could not state positively whether they were living or dead. This was about all that the young man would say about the matter.

When asked if he and several men for murder by the corner of Hart county, who held an inquest into the killing of one of the negroes on the Georgia side of the river, Mr. McDonald said that he had heard such a report but that yet no warrant had been served upon him.

All kinds of rumors are afloat as to the number of negroes who are dead as a result of the trouble. On one hand are heard reports that as many as nine negroes are dead, while on another hand it is stated that but two are dead.

It is reported that Magistrate William C. McClure, Woodrow Campbell, Paul Maret, Col. Kay, Will Kay, John McDonald and other white men in that section were presented for murder by Coroner James Nixon, of Hart county, upon his holding an inquest into the death of George Gibson, who said to have met death on the Georgia side of the river. It is said that Dr. W. E. McCurry, who was called upon for expert testimony at the inquest, declared that the negro had been beaten to death.

One In Jail.

When asked yesterday if it were true that one of the negroes involved in the trouble was in jail at Hartwell, Mr. McDonald stated that Tom Spight was in prison in the Georgia town. It is alleged that Spight was taken across the river into Hart county and given a severe beating. This is said to have brought on interference on the part of Green Gibson, who, it is stated, met his death over on the Georgia side of the river.

As the white men were returning to the South Carolina side, it is alleged, they were fired upon by a party of negroes. As a result of this act, it is reported, George Gibson met his death. Another son of Green Gibson's is missing as is a negro by the name of Bud Earle, it is reported.

Not Very Talkative.

It is almost impossible to find anyone who knows anything about the trouble at Fair Play who will discuss it for publication. From all reports, that section is peopled by some mighty mean negroes who are said to constantly give trouble, and it seems that the trouble of last Sunday was merely an eruption which came after a long period of intense race feeling.

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief. Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hawking, sniffling, blowing; no more headache, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.

Happy Childhood.

A small boy seated on the curb by a telephone pole with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman who happened to be passing, says Judge.

"Going fishing?" he inquired, good-naturedly.

"Take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?"

"Sending 'em up this telephone pole."

Legal Notices

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
Auditors Office, Anderson South Carolina.

This office will be open to receive returns of personal property for taxation for the fiscal year from the first day of January, 1915, to the 20th of February following inclusive.

All personal property must be itemized. Real estate not returned this year but all transfers of real estate made since last returns should be noted upon the return blank when listing say on return to whom sold or from whom bought.

The township board of assessors are required by law to list for all those that fail to make their own returns within the time prescribed, hence the difficulty of delinquents escaping the 50 per cent penalty, as well as the frequency of errors resulting from this practice by all means make your own return and thereby save expense and trouble. Ex-Confederate soldiers are exempt from poll tax, all other males between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or other causes shall be deemed taxable poll. All trustees must get up polls and dogs and turn into board of assessor on or before the 20th of February.

For the convenience of taxpayers we will have deputies to take returns at the following places:

Hollands Store on Friday, January 1st, 1915.

Barnes on Saturday, Jan. 2nd, 1915.

Iva on Tuesday, Jan. 5th, 1915.

Iva Cotton Mill on Wednesday, a. m., Jan. 6th, 1915.

Starr on Wednesday, p. m., Jan. 6, 1915.

1915. 1-2 day.

Cromers store on Thursday, Jan. 7th, 1915.

1915.

Townville on Friday, Jan. 8 1915.

Autumn on Saturday, Jan. 9, 1915.

Denver on Monday, a. m., Jan. 11, 1915.

1915. 1-2 day.

Sandy Springs on Monday p. m., Jan. 11th, 1915. 1-2 day.

Pendleton City, Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1915.

Pendleton Mill, Wednesday, p. m., Jan. 13th, 1-2 day.

Bishop Branch on Thursday, Jan. 14th, 1915.

Five Forks on Friday, Jan. 15, 1915.

Piercetown on Monday, Jan. 18, 1915.

Airy Springs on Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1915.

1915.

Slabtown on Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1915.

1915.

Cely Store on Thursday, Jan. 21st, 1915.

1915.

Wyatt Store on Friday, January 22, 1915.

Wingham Store on Saturday, Jan. 23rd, 1915.

Fiedmont on Monday, Jan. 25, 1915.

Felzer Old Mill on Tuesday, Jan. 26th, 1915.

1915.

Felzer No. 4 Mill on Wednesday, a. m., Jan. 27, 1915. 1-2 day.

Frankville on Wednesday, P. M., Jan. 27, 1915. 1-2 day.

Williamston City on Thursday, Jan. 28th, 1915.

1915.

Williamston Mill on Friday, a. m., Jan. 29th, 1915.

1915.

Belton City on Tuesday, Feby. 2nd, 1915.

1915.

Belton Mill on Wednesday, Feby. 3rd, 1915.

1915.

L. M. Martin Store on Thursday, Feby. 4th, 1915.

1915.

Hones Path Mill on Friday, a. m., Feby. 5th, 1915. 1-2 day.

1915.

Hones Path City on Friday, p. m., Feby. 5th, 1915. 1-2 day.

1915.

Hones Path City on Saturday, A. M., Feby. 6th, 1915. 1-2 day.

1915.

All new school lines for new school districts must be in the hands of the auditor on or before the 1st of April so they can be listed in the proper places. If they fail to get in by that time it won't be put on the books until the next year. Please see that your property is listed in the right school district. All tax levies for school districts must be in hand of the auditor on or by the 1st of June.

WINSTON SMITH,

Auditor of Anderson County.

December, 1914.

Reforming the Boarders.

A boarding house had changed hands, and the regular boarders were changing some of their habits to suit the aggressive new landlady. The sword had fallen rather promiscuously during this pruning of bad habits, but they were all amused when it struck the haughty young professor. Sitting with his head bowed gracefully on his shapely hand, it was his custom to pay no attention to the things that were passed around the breakfast table.

The landlady brought in a plate of hot biscuits and held them in front of him. He did not look up. She jogged his elbow, and looking up he said loftily: "I do not care to be disturbed when I am meditating."

The regular boarders stopped eating waiting for his reply. She stared at him for a moment, then said decidedly: "Hereafter you do your meditating somewhere else. I want these biscuits at once."—Indianapolis News.

We Can Raise Your Salary!

That is—by making your money go farther in the purchase of good meats. We cut meat and we are also cutting the prices; read these prices.

Loin Steak, per pound 20c

Best Roast, per pound 15c

Pork, per pound 15c and 20c

All others in proportion, and 16 ounces to the pound.

G. P. FOWLER

Phone 755.

Something For Nothing

Youngs Island, S. C., Nov. 23, 1914.

To get started with you we make you the following offer. Send us \$1.50 for 1,000 Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, grown in the open air and will stand freezing, grown from the Celebrated Seed of Bolgina & Son and Thorburn & Co., and I will send you 1,000 Cabbage Plants additional FREE, and you can repeat the order as many times as you like. I will give you special prices on Potato Seed and Potato Plants later. We want the accounts of close buyers, large and small. We can supply all.

Atlantic Coast Plant Co.

LOW PRICES

For High Grade Meats For Cash Only

Beef Ribs... ..9c
Neck Roast or Steak... ..10c
Chuck Roast or Steak... ..12 1-2c
Short Rib Steak or Roast... ..11c
T-Loin Steak or Roast... ..17 1-2c
Heart Round Steak or Roast 30c
All good mixed Pork and Beef Sausage... ..12 1-2c
All Pork Sausage, country style 30c
Pork Hams or Shoulder, whole 25c
Pork Loin Roast... ..17 1-2c
Pork Chops, or Steak... ..15c
Full Cream Cheese, per pound 30c
Beef Liver... ..12 1-2c
Cured Hams, whole... ..20c
Best Norfolk Oyster, per qt. 40c

Fish of different assortments, as low as the lowest. Dressing free when time will permit us.

W. J. Maness

185 North Main St. Phone 206.

when I am meditating." The regular boarders stopped eating waiting for his reply. She stared at him for a moment, then said decidedly: "Hereafter you do your meditating somewhere else. I want these biscuits at once."—Indianapolis News.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE, ETC.